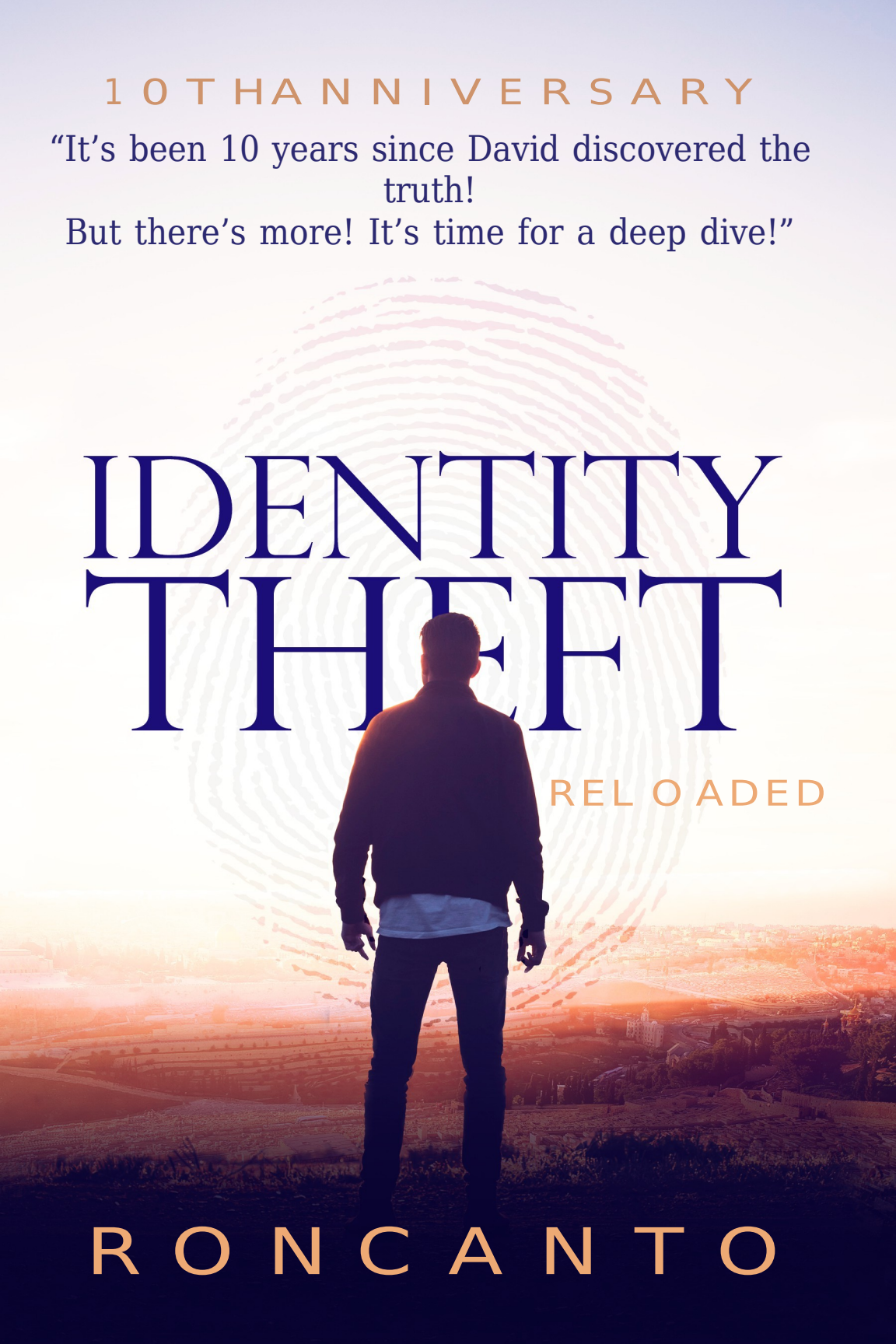
10TH ANNIVERSARY

"It's been 10 years since David discovered the truth!
But there's more! It's time for a deep dive!"

IDENTITY THEFT

RELOADED



RONCANTO

R

Praise for *"Identity Theft"*

"Ron Cantor is not only married to one of my favorite people on the planet, he is also a friend and co-laborer in Messiah for well over two decades. In his book, Identity Theft, you will find him witty and clever as well as insightful as he shares Jewish roots from a totally unexpected angle. I was pleased to discover that *Identity Theft* is an engaging page-turner! I believe you will find this book to be pointed as well as helpful, and you might even catch yourself becoming an agent in restoring Messiah's true identity!"

PAUL WILBUR
Recording Artist, Integrity Music

"Ron had my rapt attention from page one of the Introduction! And what a great title, as Ron effectively portrays the Identity Theft of the centuries – that Jesus has been robbed of His Jewishness! Tragically, those who believe in Him would have put Him in the gas ovens of Europe had He lived during their lifetime."

DON FINTO
Author, *Your People Shall Be My People*
Former Senior Pastor, Belmont Church
Nashville, Tennessee

"Ron Cantor's new book, *Identity Theft*, is as riveting as it is revelatory and as entertaining as it is enlightening. With the unique vantage point of a Messianic Jew living in Israel, Ron gives you a guided tour of history from the pages of the New

Testament to the Holocaust and then back to the cross for an extraordinarily powerful portrayal of the Messiah's sacrificial death. Buy a copy for yourself and one for a friend!"

DR. MICHAEL L. BROWN
President, Fire School of Ministry Concord, North Carolina
Host, National Radio Talk Show, *Line of Fire*
Author, *Answering Jewish Objections to Jesus Series*

"I've known Ron for a number of years and have always enjoyed his ministry.When I read *Identity Theft*, I was captivated by the story. I couldn't stop reading until I was finished. What a must-read for anyone wanting to be a part of an incredible journey to faith in the Messiah!"

DR. EVON G. HORTON
Senior Pastor, Brownsville Assembly
Pensacola, Florida

"How ingenious to embed a powerful teaching in an engrossing novel of a Jewish man's search for the truth! Many Christians today are experiencing a longing to know more about their Jewish roots, which are so foundational to all followers of the Messiah. But to really understand Christianity's Jewish heritage together with today's Jewish culture and mindset, Christians must know both the Biblical

narrative *and* the story of the Jewish people over the last 2,000 years, as well as how it has been so influenced and even dominated by the Church. In *Identity Theft,* Messianic communicator Ron Cantor has written the book that will give you this information in

unforgettable portraits from first-century Jewish believers to the tragic wanderings of the Jewish people up until today."

ARI AND SHIRA SORKO-RAM
Founders, Maoz Israel (www.MaozIsrael.org)
Senior Leaders, Tiferet Yeshua Congregation, Tel Aviv

"Not just dramatic but exhilarating!

An easy-to-read story that draws non-Jewish readers into Jewish consciousness and Jewish readers into Jesus' consciousness. While many novels distract people from life, this one contains a life-changing message that can transform a reader's life. Happy to recommend."

DR. JEFFREY L. SEIF
Chair of the Jewish Studies Department, Christ for the Nations Institute
Dallas, Texas

"This much-needed work is important for all seekers of truth. Though I am not much of a 'fiction' reader, I quickly found myself engrossed in Ron's manuscript and unable to put it down. *Identity Theft* is a great book for both those who recognize the Jewishness of our Messiah as well as those who've never truly

considered His identity. As we enter into a season of unparalleled antisemitism, we must remember that our Messiah was born into a Jewish home, lived as a Torah-observant Jew, died as King of the Jews, and is returning as the 'Lion of the Tribe of Judah.'"

SCOTT VOLK
Pastor, Fire Church, Charlotte, North Carolina President, Hineni International Ministries

"I first met Ron Cantor in our local congregation in Washington, D.C. decades ago. It seemed readily apparent he would emerge in a leadership role, and this has happened. Now we serve together in Maoz Ministries (Israel), where he is the winsome televised messenger of God's Good News of the Messiah.

"His recent book, *Identity Theft*, artfully explains the ancient schism between Jews and Christianity. **This he does not through dry theology but rather through a captivating novel.**

"The book will fascinate both the Jewish and Gentile reader **with its portrayal of the heartbreaking truth of the Church's treatment of God's ancient people**. The robbing of Yeshua (Jesus) of His cultural identity has resulted in a terrible and lengthy tragedy to the Jewish people. Ron's book seeks to restore to Yeshua His original ethnic context. The story helps us to better understand and reveals many, many things."

PAUL LIBERMAN
President, Messianic Jewish Alliance of America
Publisher, The Messianic Times

"Ron Cantor has a written a fast-paced novel that powerfully defends the faith. It reflects the understanding of many Messianic

Jewish leaders in Israel and speaks the Gospel with simplicity and clarity to Jewish people who do not yet follow Yeshua. This book will open up minds and hearts – not for only Jewish people, but for many in the Church who will

be enlightened as they see the first followers of Yeshua in their historical Jewish context."

DR. DANIEL C. JUSTER
Executive Director, Tikkun
International President, Messianic Jewish
Bible Institute, Jerusalem

"Ron Cantor adds his voice to the still small choir singing out the truth of the story of Jesus, his Jewish life and times, and the tragic opposite effect the rewritten story has had upon the Jewish people and Christians. As an Orthodox Jew, I have not been convinced by this book to change my own life, but I hope Ron is not 'preaching to the choir,' and Christians who feel uncomfortable with their understanding of Jesus will pick up this volume and discover biblical truths that they never knew existed. Identity Theft is an important milestone in the journey that Christians must take in times such as these, and by extension, it impacts Christian-Jewish relations as well."

GIDON ARIEL
Christian-Jewish Friendship
Cultivator Founder of the Facebook Group *Jews Who Love Christians Who Love Jews (and the Christians Who Love Them)*
and www.root-source.com

"From the time I picked it up, I didn't want to

put it down. Ron Cantor has ventured into 'No Man's Land.' Is it possible that the bridge between Judaism and Christianity is where truth resides? This book will challenge Christians to reexamine their theological presuppositions and take a much different view of the origins of their faith. It will also challenge the

Jewish community to reexamine their 2,000-year-old wound inflicted by Gentile hypocrisy and take a new look at this 'Yeshua of Nazareth' in his real clothing!"

RICHARD FREEMAN
Messianic Rabbi, Beth Messiah Congregation
Houston, Texas

"Ron is a passionate communicator, teacher, and storyteller. I had the joy of serving with Ron in both Ukraine and Hungary, where his teachings on Jewish roots, history, and Messianic theology blessed many. In this creative book, Ron takes you on a journey of his Jewish people's experience through the centuries. You will be enlightened and encouraged as you see the 'family story' told in a very new way. I wholeheartedly recommend this book."

WAYNE WILKS JR., PH.D.
International Director, Messianic Jewish Bible Institute

"If Jesus is both 100 percent deity and 100 percent human, then it's essential to understand what kind of human He is. He is certainly not a blue-eyed Scandinavian, as some have portrayed Him. For more than a decade, Ron Cantor has been passionately revealing the true face of Jesus to Israel and the nations. As Ron shows how Jesus came to earth as a Jew, many truths in Scripture become

more comprehensible and alive. You'll be enriched by Ron's insights."

WAYNE HILSDEN
Senior Pastor, King of Kings Community,
Jerusalem, Israel

"The emotional depth and immediacy evoked in this novel would be impossible in a theological tome with the same purpose. It's a book you will want to read at one sitting, and if you're like me, your only regret will be having to wait for the remaining two volumes of the trilogy."

DR. DAVID H. STERN

Translator, *The Complete Jewish Bible*

Chapter Header Here

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But there's more! It's time for a deep dive!"

IDENTITY THEFT

RELOADED

How Jesus was Robbed of His Jewishness

A Trilogy – Book One

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ISBN: 979-89853-9840-3 $15.99

Previously Published ISBN 13: 978-07684-

4217-5 Previously Published eBook ISBN: 978-0-

7684-8606-3 Previously Published ISBN: 978-1-

937654-78-8

For more information about Ron Cantor, his books, or his ministry, Messiah's Mandate, please visit

www.roncantor.com.

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to all the indirect victims
of this Identity Theft – *the lost sheep of the house of Israel*.
I implore you to take a fresh and
honest look at Yeshua (Jesus) the
Jew.
I think you will be surprised.

Preface

When I wrote I*dentity Theft*, my intent was to help Christians understand and meet the real Jesus, the Jewish Jesus, who came to Jewish people.

I was stunned when a few weeks after it was published, I received an email from an Israeli saying that the book played a vital role in bringing him toYeshua. He is still servingYeshua!

Later, a young man in our Tel Aviv congregation told me that *Identity Theft* was the best tool for reaching Jewish people. We immediately made plans to translate it into Hebrew and have since given out thousands of free copies.

I started receiving emails from people all over the world telling me how the book changed their life.

I never dreamed I would write a novel, but one night, as I put my head down to go to sleep, the entire story came to me. Well, at least the outline.

I spent the next three weeks writing. Then I took a year to do research and craft it into a truly gripping, suspenseful fantasy novel.

I felt like I got on a roller coaster, and I had no idea where it was going. Finally, with one more chapter to go, I was driving in Germany on my way to minister when the ending came to me. I was weeping in my car as I pulled up to my host's house. I ran inside, opened my computer and

finished the book.

Now for the 10th anniversary, *we have made it even better!*

Over the past 10 years, I have learned quite a bit more about the Jewish Roots of the New Testament, how the church became antisemitic, and the coming End Time Awakening in Israel (get my book free on that topic at roncantor.com). So

I took a month and went through the entire book to make it better.

I hope this new version will strengthen your faith, even as it entertains you. And when you're done, give it to a Jewish friend.

Ron Cantor
Thanksgiving, 2021

Acknowledgments

There are several people I would like to thank for making this project a reality. Christy Wilkerson was the first to read this manuscript and alerted me to the fact that it needed work. Mark Gerofsky also proofread the original manuscript. He would often call me from Canada and tell me that he was on his way to some trip but had five minutes to go over corrections. Pastor Ed Crenshaw added some great insights that I had missed. Wende Carr, living in Beirut, also did a great job of editing and would often send with her edits notes of encouragement that she felt that this book was going to have an impact.

However, one person stands out. Susette McLachlan from New Zealand put almost as much time and dedication into this book as I did. She volunteered to edit *Identity Theft*, and I don't think she fully understood how deeply she would get involved. This is a better book because of her hard work. She would sometimes stay up all night working on it. Thank you, Susette!

I want to also thank my daughter Danielle, who, from the first time she understood I was writing a new book, never stopped encouraging me and showing interest.

Dr. Daniel C. Juster and Dr. Michael L. Brown, both scholars, authors, and personal mentors to me, made valuable contributions in

helping me to present what I believe is an accurate portrayal of the first-century believers.

I wish to thank Ari and Shira Sorko-Ram, who have graciously given me a platform to share my heart through Maoz Israel.

And I would be remiss not to acknowledge the sacrifice

of my sweet Israeli wife, Elana. When I made the decision to rewrite this book as a novel instead of a teaching, I had to get it done in a matter of weeks. *I disappeared – physically and emotionally.* Even during a ministry trip to Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, Elana was often out sightseeing by herself while I was confined to my hotel room with my MacBook Air. Thank you, sweetheart, for being so patient and understanding. I promise to take you somewhere amazing just as soon this book hits the printing press! I love you!

Lastly, I want to mention my Hero, My Champion, my source of encouragement and creativity, Yeshua the Messiah, who pursued me when I had no regard for eternity. *Identity Theft* is His story.

Introduction

Cut Off from My People

"Don't you ever say that you *used to be Jewish!You are still Jewish and always will be!*"

Like an Old Testament prophet, complete with a boney finger in my face, Ziva, an Israeli believer, rebuked me because when I greeted her, I blurted out, "I also *used to be Jewish.*"

I was a brand-new believer, and Ziva was the first Jewish believer I had met. Until this time, I had considered myself cut off from Judaism. It was a painful price to pay (and one I would discover later that I didn't even have to pay!), but Yeshua had radically changed my life, and I loved Him for it... no matter what

the cost. I didn’t want to be rejected by my family, but He was worth it.

Erroneously, I assumed that to believe in the Jewish Messiah was to renounce Judaism: my religion, my heritage,

my culture, and my people. The very statement seems strange, right? If He is the Jewish Messiah, why would I consider myself *cut off*? To understand that, you need to know what it was like to grow up Jewish.

Mr. and Mrs. Christ?

"I was about twelve years old when I first learned that Jesus was Jewish," writes Dr. Michael Brown in his book *The Real Kosher Jesus*.[1] In the same chapter, he also shares the story of our mutual friend J. B. Bernstein, who grew up thinking that Jesus was the son of *Mr. and Mrs. Christ!*[2]

I can relate to both of their experiences. I, too, thought for the longest time that Christ was simply Jesus' last name. His parents were Joseph and Mary Christ, right? We are taught, if not directly, indirectly, that one of the very definitions of being Jewish is that *we don't believe in Jesus*.

I have a strange memory of a phone call I made when I was about ten years old. I saw a sign on a car that read, "I found it!" In fact, if memory serves me correctly, I had seen this phrase in different places around town; however, this time, I jotted down the phone number and called it when I got home. I was curious to

discover just what he had found.

The person on the other end of the phone was excited to inform me that he had indeed found *Jeeesus*. I hung up the phone. Had I been cleverer at the time, I might have quipped, "I didn't know He was lost!" But I was 10.

---

[1] Michael Brown, Our Hands are Stained with Blood, Destiny Image; Revised, Expanded edition (September 17, 2019) p. 21

[2] Ibid., xvi.

When I did "find" Him for myself in 1983 as an eighteen-year-old freshman in college, I assumed I had "left" Judaism. I was now a *Christian*. I didn't like this term, mostly because everyone I grew up with – except for my Jewish friends – claimed to be one, and yet it didn't seem like any of them lived like Christians. It didn't take long for me to realize there were *cultural Christians* and *true believers*. There were people who claimed to be Christians because they grew up in homes where their parents told them they were Christians or because they went to a church on Sundays – and there were those who truly had a relationship with the living God. In fact, growing up, most of the Jews I knew simply defined Christians as non-Jews.

Even though I did not dare call myself a Christian, I was still quite sure I was now separated from my people, my religion, and my heritage – cut off. If there was one thing I had learned growing up Jewish, it was that Jesus and Judaism don't mix! I couldn't explain everything we believed as Jews, but I could sure tell you exactly what we *didn't believe*! In my mind, I was now outside the camp.

I Am Still a Jew?

However, when Ziva shared those amazing

words with me – *You are still Jewish!* – it changed my life! This was a revelation to me. *I am still Jewish? I am still part of the people of Israel?*

Of course, this would have seemed a very strange revelation to the very first followers of Yeshua, whose Jewishness was never in question. They struggled with the question, *Do Gentiles have to become Jewish in order to believe in Jesus?* – not

their own Jewishness. (See Acts chapters 10 and 15.)

Ziva also told me of congregations of Jewish believers who met on the Jewish Sabbath and worshiped Yeshua. Again, I couldn't believe my ears. *Jewish synagogues where they believe in Jesus?* One year later, when I walked into Beth Messiah Congregation in Rockville, Maryland, tears filled my eyes as I saw the largest number of Jewish believers I had ever seen worshiping the Messiah.

For a guy who grew up thinking Mary was Catholic, John was a Baptist, Peter was the first pope, and the New Testament stories took place in Rome, I was stunned. I began to read the New Covenant for myself. The more I read it, the more astonished I became at how "Jewish" it was. This story didn't take place in Rome; there is no mention of the Vatican or a Pope, And the word *Christian* can only be found three times in the entire book! *These people were not starting a new religion – they were Jews who believed they had found their Messiah.*

Moreover, I discovered:

- Jesus' Hebrew name is *Yeshua*, which means "salvation."
- Mary was an Israelite called Miriam, a Jewish name, like the sister of Moses.
- John was not a Baptist but a Jewish prophet in the ranks of Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and Isaiah.

- Paul was actually a Jewish rabbi named Sha'ul.
- Peter was not a pope but one of the greatest Messianic Jewish communicators in history.

In fact, I was shocked to discover that Gentiles didn't even begin to believe in Yeshua until many years after He was

raised from the dead – and the entire community of the first followers of Jesus was Jewish!

I have a litmus test on how to come to the right conclusion on controversial theological issues. I ask myself a simple question: *If I were untainted by either view, and I was given a Bible and locked in a room…what conclusion would I come to?*

So let's apply that test to the historical Jesus. If a Jewish person, unaffected by the anti-Jesus bias in modern Judaism, were locked in a room and given the Gospel narratives to read (Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John), would that person come out of that room concluding thatYeshua was a Gentile, antisemitic, or the father of a new religion apart from Judaism?

I contend not only would they not see Him in that light, but they would fall in love with Him! They would see Him as a hero who stood up to the religious establishment of His day (like Jeremiah and the other prophets did) as well as the political rulers and ultimately demonstrated His love in the greatest way possible. And that is why I wrote this book – to present the real Yeshua, a Jewish Man from Israel, to my people.

But not only that! Gentiles have much to *un*learn as well. The Church's guilt in obscuring the Jewish nature of this Man from Galilee is well documented. Church fathers taught their followers

the most bizarre and unscriptural doctrines, such as:

- God hates the Jews.
- It is your duty to hate the Jews.
- The Jews are cursed and will never return to be God's people.
- The Church is the new Israel.

- The Jews must suffer as a nation for the killing of Jesus.
- No one can be both Christian and Jew.

They changed the Gospel, and they changed the Savior. The tragic result is that they see a blonde-haired, blue-eyed, European facsimile of the true Messiah. Religious Jews tend to rely entirely on the interpretations of the rabbis and sages before them. But they need to think for themselves. They need to meet the real Yeshua.

*Identity Thef*t seeks to do that; to allow my Jewish brothers and sisters to see Him as He truly is: A Jew, a Torah follower, born outside of Jerusalem in the city of David. And for my non-Jewish brothers and sisters, get ready to meet your Savior in a new, honest and exciting way.

Why Jews Are Simply Not Interested

There are three primary reasons why Jewish people tend to reject the Gospel:

1. The horrible witness of the historic Church toward the Jewish people over the past 1,900 years, which includes the murderous Crusades, forced baptisms, and expulsions from one's country, all of which made the Holocaust plausible. "Christianity did not create the

Holocaust – indeed, Nazism was anti-Christian – but it made it possible."[3]

2. The Gospel message presented today has been

   ethnically cleansed of its Jewish roots so that it

[3] Michael Brown, Our Hands are Stained with Blood, Destiny Image; Revised, Expanded edition (September 17, 2019) p. 21

appears to the Jew to be altogether foreign to and distinct from Judaism, when in fact, it is a Jewish story. It is presented to Jewish people as a new religion: They must leave Judaism and convert to Christianity. But as you will see in the coming pages, in the beginning, it was Gentiles who were told that they must convert to Judaism in order to believe in Jesus. As Messianic Jews, we are often accused of dressing up Christianity in Jewish garb, when in fact, just the opposite is true. Messianic Judaism, the faith of the first-century Jewish believers, was stripped of its Jewishness in favor of the priestly robes of Rome.

3. Lastly, the Bible says that there is a veil over the minds of the Jewish people (Is. 6:9-10, Rom. 11:25, 2 Cor. 3:14) that blinds them to the truth of the Messiah. More and more, that veil is being removed, as was also predicted (Zech. 12:10, Hos. 3:4-5, Ezek. 36:25-27, Rom. 11:26). More and more Jewish people are seeing Jesus as their Messiah.

I wrote *Identity Theft* in hopes that Yeshua, in His truest form, would be presented to the Jewish people and Gentile believers as well.

No Lord, I can't!

Just two days after I sent the final manuscript to my publisher, I made a crazy decision. You see, a few days before that, I had this thought, *"Ron, you need to rewrite this book as a*

novel – as a story rather than a teaching." I immediately had an idea for how to do it, and I knew it would make the book better and more effective. But I quickly said to myself, "***Are you nuts?*** *You've just spent the past nine months writing this book, having it edited, changing it, adding to it, etc., etc. And besides that, you're not John Grisham... You don't know anything about writing a novel.*"

I was feeling emotionally drained from the final editing that we had just finished, but then three things happened.

A friend, who had been involved in the first major editing of *Identity Theft* e-mailed me and said, "Driving to my meeting last night, still praying about the book, I had the image of the butterfly being brought out of its cocoon prematurely with the result that it would never fly. I don't want that for your book, so all I am asking is for you to seek God as to whether what I am feeling and seeing is of Him or not."

Another friend, who did the second major editing, e-mailed me shortly thereafter, saying that my first chapter didn't fit the rest of the book. It was written more like a novel. She said she liked it, but it would be better in another book.

Things were beginning to make sense, although I was terrified. I had never written fiction. And where would I find the time?

The turning point came when I shared with my daughter Danielle what I was considering. "*Dad, you've got to do it!*" she screamed. The next morning, I started writing. With no experience writing novels, I felt like I had gotten on a roller coaster and had no idea which curve or loop was coming next. It was incredibly exhilarating. When Danielle woke up, I read

her the first few chapters. There was one moment where I hoped the reader would have an emotional response. Or maybe not? Like I said, I had no idea what I was doing. However, when I got to that point, and Danielle burst into tears, I knew that *Identity Theft – the novel* – would be something special.

Final Thoughts

It is somewhat problematic writing fiction when Biblical characters are involved. For instance, it is widely thought that Luke was a Gentile. However, there is a strong minority view that he was actually Jewish. Some say he was a convert to Judaism. How do I present him? You will have to see, but if you disagree, don't make it an issue because I am not dogmatic about it. I imagine that there will be some aspects of how I recreate other characters (such as John before Emperor Domitian) that some may feel are inaccurate. I am sure I will get e-mails. But please don't focus on that, as the stories are there, when there is no clear historical consensus, to make the book more entertaining and to help us imagine what life *may have been like* for the first-century Jewish believers.

The same goes for my theological conclusions. I don't want to give away the story but understand that I wrote this book to

reflect personal revelations based on study, research, and prayer. I don't expect that everyone will agree with my conclusions. In the book, they are presented as fact – you will understand as you read – but on issues that are not central tenets of the faith, it is merely *Ron's opinion*. Just keep that in mind as you read.

There were times in the writing where it was not convenient

to mention the Scripture reference. In many of those cases, I simply put it in parentheses for the reader's sake, even though it's not an actual part of the dialogue.

Interchanging of names: One of the first things I seek to do in the book is to establish the correct, original names of many of the New Covenant characters. But then, throughout the book, I didn't exclusively use these corrected names, resorting, in some instances, to their more popularly known names for clarity's sake.

Enough said.

Enjoy the journey on which you are about to embark.

RON
CANTOR
May 9,
2012

In defending myself against the Jews,
I am acting for the Lord.The only
difference between the church and
me
is that I am finishing the job.
– ADOLF HITLER

Chapter One

The Visitation

It happened a year ago. He came in a vision. I have never fully shared this with anyone except my wife, and at first, she didn't believe me, but I felt it was time to put my testimony on paper. After all, I am a writer, and He chose to send His messenger to me. People must know the truth. Christians must know the truth. And by all means, Jews must know the whole story.

Is that it?

Three words that turned my life upside down: Is that it. It wasn't that I was unfulfilled. On the contrary, I was extremely content. I was five years married and had two amazingly cute little girls. At twenty-eight, with only a

bachelor's degree, I had risen in the ranks. I already had a daily column in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* and a well-read blog. Life was perfect.

And yet *that* was the problem – what if there was something I was missing? Maybe there was a God out there who expected something from me. Maybe not, but the truth is, *I had no idea.* What keeps my heart ticking day after day? Who makes sure that it continues to pump blood through my veins?

I had taken all of this for granted. It suddenly hit me that we spend entire lifetimes working and planning just to make sure we are comfortable when we retire, which is a very short period of time. Yet, we rarely consider what happens *after* retirement when we die. Is that it? Six feet under and never another conscious thought? Or is there life beyond the grave? And if so, where would *I* spend eternity? I had no idea.

I was determined to find God – if He was there. I was full of questions, and I had no clue where to begin. How do you *find God?* It's not like I could just Google Him as I had learned to do for everything else.

Where to start?

Being Jewish, I began to go to synagogue and even attend afternoon prayers, the *Mincha* service, when I could. It felt great when nine men were waiting, and I showed up to complete the *minyan* (a quorum of ten Jewish Bar Mitzvah'd males required to begin the prayer service). As a last resort, they might

grab some poor just-over-thirteen-year-old out of his studies to reach the required number, but then I would show up, saving the day.

While that made me feel good about myself, I didn't sense any personal connection with the Almighty. It was more a satisfaction that I had performed some religious duty than actually feeling His presence. One thing I would learn

later, many people mistake emotional euphoria for the actual presence of God. Religion can bring a sense of emotional security, but that should not be mistaken for a relationship with God.

I began to study other religions and actually began to pray – not in a formal sense like in the synagogue, but I simply asked God to show me if He was real and what He expected from me. To be honest, I was drawn to Jesus. His message of salvation was so different from any other religion I had studied. Every single one of them put the emphasis on what *I* did. Do this on Friday. *Do that in the morning. Be a good person. And by all means, never do this.*

But the message Jesus preached conceded that my case was hopeless. There was nothing I could do to please God in light of all I had done against Him. That was why He came; in order to give His life as a sacrifice, to take my punishment – or so they say. It was the only philosophy that didn't stress religious obligation, but instead presented me with the opportunity to accept the fact that 1) I was a sinner; 2) I could not save myself; 3) Jesus had taken my punishment; and, 4) through faith in Him, I could have eternal life.

You may be thinking, *So what's the problem? Buy into it!* Really, *what's the problem??? I am Jewish!* And, being Jewish, I was convinced that to believe in Him would be to

deny my faith, my heritage, and my community. Everyone knew that to believe in Yeshua was to betray the Jewish people – a people who had suffered more than any other and had so often suffered in the name of the very One to whom I was attracted.

Also, add to that the fact that the whole Jewish community

knew my father was the son of Holocaust survivors. Surely, they would all turn on me. And it seemed to me that they would be right. What kind of a Jew takes sides with the descendants of the Crusaders? When I went to my rabbi to confide in him, he nearly bit my head off. He told me to drop my pursuit and never bring it up again – "for the sake of your family – your future." I was completely and utterly confused and immobilized.

And then he came. His name is Ariel. I was at Starbucks sipping on double-shot espresso. I have never been a *Venti, non-fat, no-foam, no-water, six pumps, extra-hot, chai tea, latte* kind of a guy – just strong espresso. That was all I needed to get my creative juices flowing in order to write.

I was sitting there reading the paper, getting ready to start on my column, when suddenly the entire room became white. In fact, it was so bright that *white* seems like an understatement. Everyone was gone – the girl behind the counter, the tattooed hipster, listening to his iPod, the student on his computer, the couple that appeared to be going over a business plan… *all gone!*

I was terrified. Suddenly a man appeared… *an angel.* He introduced himself. "I am Ariel, an angel of the Most High." He was about six feet tall, quite fit, with dark hair, dark skin, and a short beard. He was wearing a white robe,

interestingly, just as I would have imagined an angel to be dressed.

I said nothing. “David, you who are highly esteemed, consider carefully the words I am about to speak to you and the lessons you will learn, and stand up, for I have now been sent to you.”

When he said this to me, I stood up trembling.

"I have been sent to give you understanding. You are a confused young Jewish man, but you have found favor in the eyes of Adonai."

I knew Adonai was Hebrew for *Lord*. Even though I had not been very religious, going to Hebrew school three times a week during much of my teen years had not been a complete waste.

He continued, "I have come to take you on a journey, to show you the past, the present, and even the future. At times you will beg me to stop, but in order for you to understand the truth and help others to understand, you must experience it – you must experience *all* of it."

I found my voice but could not think of anything to say. Before I knew it, the angel grabbed my hand, and suddenly we were flying through time. It is very hard to explain on paper, *in words*, what I was experiencing, which is one reason that it has taken me a year to begin this testimony.

I somehow knew that we were going back in time. It was thrilling and yet petrifying. I could see scenes in time but from a distance. And then everything suddenly grew bigger, as when a plane lands. As though watching a timeline, I could see that we were in the second century and then the first. Things grew really

close as if we were zooming in on Google Maps. The Middle East, Israel, Jerusalem! And then, we passed right through a roof and gently landed inside what seemed like an ancient synagogue from the Second Temple period. Only there were several rows of seats, like in a modern movie theater, and a massive screen. Torches lined up every meter or so, lit up the

room; it was night.

There were other angels there. Two were above me, and there were two at every entrance. They said nothing, and Ariel didn't even acknowledge them. It appeared they were standing guard. Then I thought, *am I in some kind of danger?* It reminded me of the first time I visited Israel. The armed soldiers at the airport made me feel safe and deeply concerned at the same time. From who or what were they protecting me? And now the question that plagued my mind was, *What dangerous spiritual force is seeking to bring about my demise?*

"What is going on? Is this a dream?" Words finally found their way out of my mouth. I knew this couldn't really be happening, and yet I was quite sure I was awake. The only thing missing was Morpheus offering me a blue pill or a red one.

"David, your journey will begin here.You will watch events in the lives of four Jews, all from different time periods during the last 2,000 years. You see, David, you are struggling with the idea of *being Jewish and believing inYeshua.* You don't mind if we refer to Him by his Hebrew name, do you?"

It was more of a statement than a question. He continued, "You feel that to believe would be a betrayal. But that is only because you do not know that the Yeshua you imagine in your mind

is not the Yeshua who walked the streets not too far from where we are right now two millennia ago."

"So, we *are* in Jerusalem?" I asked.

"The Old City, to be exact. The year is 35 CE, a time when the Messiah was understood in the context in which the Jewish prophets described Him. The multitudes who followed Him

during this period were all Jews.

"Over the years, that has changed. His message has touched nearly every nation… and that is a good thing. However, in the process, the nature and identity of the Messiah has been tampered with, *photoshopped*, if you will, by those without the authority to do so. In short, there has been an insidious case of *identity theft.*

"Long before computer hackers and credit cards, the most destructive, most horrendous case of identity theft occurred, and the victim was the Messiah Himself! Through this journey, you will uncover it, and then you, David, will expose it to the world."

"Wait! What?... 'Expose it to the world,'" I just came to get coffee and write my column. What in the world was happening? I was confused and terrified, and at the same time, I was thinking, *This is getting interesting*!

"Sit down. Let's begin," instructed Ariel.

Feeling completely confused and utterly intrigued, I sat in what was the most amazingly comfortable chair I had ever sat in – like one of those high-priced movie theaters where they bring you food. I immediately forgot the burden that he had just placed upon me – "You will expose it to the world."

I waited to see what would come next. Ariel picked up a remote, pointed it towards the screen, and pressed a button. The torches

in the room faded until it was completely dark. This was definitely the coolest movie theater I had ever experienced! The film began to play.

Chapter Two

ESTHER

Words emerged on the screen:

37 CE, Capernaum, Galilee

Then a woman appeared and began to talk as if she were being interviewed:

"I am a Jewess, and my claim to fame is that my story, wonderful in and of itself, was recorded – at least the most important part – for posterity, by not just one, but by *three* ancient writers!"

As she continued to talk, I watched her story unfold like a movie…

"I spent my childhood playing on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. And each evening, my

father would come home after

a day of fishing, bringing fresh tilapia with him for dinner. Now I know that the smell of fish isn't everyone's favorite, but for me, it conjures up precious memories of my hardworking father, who loved and provided for his family. My mother worked hard as well, taking care of the home and her children, using all her ingenuity to feed and clothe us. But no matter how hard they worked, there was never enough after paying the crippling taxes imposed by the nation's Roman overlords. "Like most Galileans, we longed for the day when the Messiah would come and free us from the tyranny of the Romans. Every Shabbat, we would go to the synagogue in the center of our village to hear the Torah read and pray. It was a constant reminder to us all that God had saved our people once before when we were slaves in Egypt – surely, He could do it again, and the sooner, the better.

"In my late teens, around the age when many of my friends were being given in marriage, I began to bleed heavily. I went to every doctor in the area, but none of them could help me. For twelve years, I suffered greatly. The deepest pain of all was the social stigma, the loneliness, and the knowledge that no one would take me in marriage with this condition. I had no friends because everyone I came in contact with would become ritually

unclean. I began to realize that even if I lived a long life, I would never know the joy of having children, of holding a baby in my arms, hearing my children's laughter at play, or being held by my husband. Who would want someone unclean? It broke my heart.

"Along with being emotionally drained, I was physically weak and, to make matters even worse, I was now destitute.

Because I was unclean, I could never enter a synagogue to hear the Scriptures read. And the people were so judgmental. I heard the whispers: she's cursed from God; she obviously has sinned; whatever she did in private is being exposed in public through her sickness. The voices never stopped; the people could be so cruel. All my girlfriends from childhood abandoned me.

Over the years, I had spent all I had on doctors and medicines – all to no avail. If it weren't for the fear of the Almighty, I think I would have taken my own life. *Baruch HaShem* (Praise the Lord), I didn't!

"I was in my late twenties when I first heard of the Rabbi from Nazareth. He was trained as a carpenter, they said, but He spoke like an angel – like someone who truly knew God, not just knew *about Him*. He had recently come to live in Capernaum and was invited to read from the Torah in our synagogue.

"I remember it so clearly. People were truly amazed by His words. He didn't speak like the other rabbis or the *cohanim* (Jewish priests). He spoke with such authority!

"He created quite a stir, and several of the young men from our village attached themselves to Him. In fact, a number of them had worked with my father on the fishing boats. Jacob and John, two brothers a few

years younger than I, actually became part of His inner circle.

"Before long, stories began to circulate that He could heal the sick. Suddenly, for the first time in many years, I felt hope stirring within me. Could He heal me? But how could I, a woman, who could hardly walk the short distance to the market, ever get close to Yeshua?

"For days, I thought about nothing else. I was desperate. If He were to heal me, I could live again, maybe get married, even have children – I could have a life! But the more I thought about it, the more impossible it became. How could I, as a woman in my unclean state, ever get anywhere near the Rabbi?

"Then, one afternoon, I heard a commotion outside. Because I lived so near the city square, I went out to see what was happening. Quite a crowd had gathered, and I was told that Yeshua was coming, that He was on His way to the house of Jairus, one of the leaders in our synagogue. Jairus' daughter had been very sick and, over the past few days, had taken a turn for the worse. Earlier that day, I'd heard they feared she might die. Jairus, in desperation, had begged Yeshua to come to his house and pray for his daughter.

"When I finally got to the square, I saw the Rabbi surrounded by masses of people. My heart sank. I felt so drained. I had no energy at all. Twelve years of bleeding takes its toll. And then, suddenly, I felt a surge of strength, of determination. I had to try. I knew that if I could just touch the *tzitzit*, the fringes on His garment, I would be healed. I was sure of it. I had to touch Him.

Caught up in the crowd, I began to push and fight my way through. I am sure many were

surprised that poor, quiet little Esther was suddenly aggressively pushing her way past them. But if any were offended, I didn't notice. After more than a decade of weakness and suffering, I really didn't care. I meant to reach Him at any cost.

"In Jewish culture, it is forbidden for a woman to publicly touch a man, much less a man she is neither married to nor

acquainted with! Moreover, the nature of my problem deemed me perpetually unclean according to biblical law so that anyone or anything I touched would become unclean. And yet, I was compelled, driven in my soul, to go through with it.

"Finally, I could see Him in front of me. One final charge! And just then, I was flung to the ground. The crowd was so thick that I thought I would be trampled. A foot on my hand, a kick in the back…*No!* I jumped to my feet and pushed forward until I was within reach of the Rabbi.

This was it.

"With all the strength I could muster, I lurched forward, just barely managing to graze the fringe of His tallit with my fingers. And as I did, I felt such power come into me. But it was more than power… it was pure, it was clean, it was *life!!!* "I knew at that moment that I had been healed, but more than that, I had been changed, radically changed. My life would never be the same. No, it wasn't that I would now be desirable to a man. At that moment, everything else was irrelevant compared to the pure joy that was radiating within me. I had found more than a husband – I had found the God I had only known from stories and traditions. Now, through this Galilean Rabbi, I was in the presence of the Almighty.

"Of course, I had believed in the God of

Israel all my life. I had always celebrated the Holy Days of Passover and Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, Sukkot, and Shavuot. And I had hoped that the Messiah would one day come. But never had I realized that Elohim could be this close – He could be felt and experienced. And without ever realizing that I hadn't known it before, I now knew that *He loved me.*

"As all this was happening inside of me, I suddenly realized that the Master had stopped walking. He turned and asked, 'Who touched Me?' It seemed like a ridiculous question when dozens of people were touching Him as they pressed in. His puzzled disciples said as much. Yet, ignoring them, He continued to look around.

"I knew He was referring to me, and I was terrified. I wanted to run, and yet I wanted to be with Him forever. The way He said,'Who touched Me?' made me feel like I had taken something without permission. I was scared, but still, I went forward and fell at His feet and confessed that it was I.

"What had I done? Everyone was looking at me. Barely above a whisper, I told Him about my sickness and how I felt that if I could just touch Him, I would be healed. And just like that, a huge smile appeared on His face as He took my hand and said, 'Daughter, your faith has healed you. Go in peace and be freed from your suffering.'

"Those words changed my life. He called me *daughter*, and despite the fact that I was nearly as old as He, I don't know that I ever experienced more fatherly love than I did at that moment. In an instant, I was transformed from being unclean and undesirable to being a woman who was healed and highly favored by the

Messiah Himself. Everyone else had judged me for my sickness, but He healed me of my sickness!

Now I was crying, weeping with joy for this woman. My daughters had always laughed at how easily I can cry during a movie. But this was the most moving thing I had ever seen! Hollywood could never compete with Heaven!

She continued.

"You might be wondering whatever happened to the daughter of Jairus. Sadly, she died before Yeshua was able to pray for her. Yet, the Master still went to Jairus' home. When He arrived, everyone was weeping and mourning. 'Why all this commotion and wailing?' He asked. 'The child is not dead but asleep.'

"But though they laughed at Him, He was not dissuaded. He threw everyone out of the house and, taking the child by the hand, told her to get up. And she did! She was brought back from death! We could hardly believe it! Not only could he heal the sick, but he could actually raise the dead!

"From then on, He traveled from village to village throughout Galilee, Samaria, and Judea preaching the 'Good News of the Kingdom,' healing all who were sick and casting out demons from those who were oppressed. Oh, what an amazing time it was!

"Yet, how abruptly it all ended – or so we thought. On the eve of Passover, just a couple of years later, He was betrayed and handed over to the Romans by some of our religious leaders. Many thought that once the Romans arrested Him, He would then lead a revolt against them. There were many Zealots all over Israel – especially here in the Galilee. Had he wanted to lead a revolt, they would've gladly joined him. But before we knew it, contrary to

all expectation, the Romans crucified Him – they nailed Him to a cruel cross! Crucifixion – the most excruciating and humiliating kind of death that existed.

"Along with a number of others, I had followed Him to Jerusalem. We were all devastated. We had had such high hopes. We thought that, like Moses, He would deliver us

from our enemies. But instead, they killed Him. I don't have words to describe. With John by her side supporting her, His distraught mother was in agony as she watched her precious Son die a torturous death. This was not supposed to happen! He was our Hope.

"However, incredibly, after several days, in the midst of our despair, word began to spread that the One we had watched die was alive. And unbelievably, it was true! He had risen from the dead. Over a period of forty days, his disciples and hundreds of other people saw Him, including me! And then, while His followers watched, He, our Messiah, was taken up into Heaven.

"In accordance with His last instructions, 120 of us stayed in Jerusalem and waited for the promised Holy Spirit. For ten days, we prayed, and many fasted. Then on Shavuot (Pentecost), while seeking Him in one of the enclaves off of the Temple courtyard, without warning, suddenly, there was the sound of a mighty rushing wind, and the power of Elohim fell upon us.

"*Shimon,* from Capernaum, left the enclave, part of Solomon's Porch, where we had been praying and ventured into the Temple courtyard. Under the power of God's Spirit, he began to speak boldly to the massive crowd of

Jews who were at the Temple for Shavuot. They were already wondering what was happening after hearing the sound of the mighty wind.

Shimon was like a different man. He spoke with authority, just like Yeshua, and with a deep knowledge of the Scriptures that he seemed to quote from memory. He proclaimed to them that the Messiah of Israel lives. It was hard to believe

that this was the same fisherman who had worked with my father. Suddenly, he had stature and passion. His words were tangible – like arrows piercing the hearts of his hearers. The thousands gathered there in the Temple courts hung on his every word as he spoke with incredible confidence and astounding authority about eternal life and their need to repent. That day our number grew from 120 to several thousand, as we immersed thousands of Jewish pilgrims who had come from all over for the holiday. Was there ever a day like that one? Oh, what joy! When Yeshua died, we thought all hope was lost, but actually, that was just the beginning.

"That was all of ten years ago. Tens of thousands of Jews have found peace throughYeshua, their Messiah, since that day. And yes, I did find a husband, and we now have four children, all of whom, except the baby, of course, have placed their trust in the Messiah, much to our delight.

"The future is bright. We know that soon Yeshua will return, and this time He will set up His Kingdom on earth, but first, we must spread His message to the rest of Israel and to the Jews scattered farther abroad.

"Oh, let me tell you the latest development that has everyone talking. We recently heard

the strangest news from Shimon. He claimed that Elohim told him to go into the house of a Gentile, a Roman commander named Cornelius, and to preach there. This caused something of a commotion, as we Jews would never go into the house of a Gentile.[1] However, they are saying that when Shimon arrived, there was a huge crowd gathered. As he began to teach, the *Ruach Hakodesh,*

the Spirit of God, fell upon the people there just as He did upon us at Shavuot, and they began to speak in tongues and praise Elohim!

"Shimon thought, *If the Spirit is falling upon them, how can we stop them from being immersed in water?* Can you believe it? We are all amazed that Gentiles are now following the Jewish Messiah and are even being immersed in water! No one is going to believe this!"

The movie ended, and the lights came on. I turned to Ariel and said, "I don't understand. Why was she surprised that Gentiles were believing in Jesus? Virtually the only people I know today that believe in Him *are* Gentiles!"

"Let us not run too far ahead. All will be clear soon enough. Now sit down again," he gently said, "intermission is over." The lights dimmed, and once again, just as before, a date and place appeared on the screen.

Notes

1. To be clear, the Torah does not forbid fellowship with non-Jews, but the Pharisees placed a huge emphasis on ritual purity. Because

they could never be sure if a Gentile had come into contact with something or someone unclean, it was far easier just to decree that you could not go into the home of a Gentile: that way, you would know that you were not ritually unclean.

Chapter Three

"HaShem, Where Are You?"

1099 CE, Jerusalem

This time I could hear a voice, but there was no one being interviewed that I could see.

"I am a Jew, and I am thirteen. My family has lived in Jerusalem for generations, going all the way back to *Melech D'vid*, King David – of course, Jews were not allowed to live in Jerusalem after the 135 CE Bar Kochba revolt, but eventually, my ancestors returned. But that family line is coming to an end. My name is not important since I will soon be dead. The Crusaders, of whom we have been living in dread, have finally broken into the city. They have already

killed scores of Muslim soldiers.We Jews, those of us who are still alive, have gathered

in the Great Synagogue hoping against hope for mercy, but I can already smell the smoke. Soon, we will be burned alive.

"We've heard stories of these Christians who have come from every corner of Europe all the way to Jerusalem. If the rumors are true, and we pray to God they are not, the Crusaders have pillaged and slaughtered whole Jewish communities all along their way. We were told they were coming to *liberate the Holy Land* from the *Muslim infidels*. And truth be told, the Muslims have not been too kind to the Christians here in Jerusalem. Churches have been destroyed, and over the centuries, Muslims have murdered scores of them. The Christians had apparently had enough. But what does that have to do with me? I am not a Muslim! And why are they killing Jews all throughout Europe? What was their crime?

"Their religious leaders, we're told, have promised them that if they die in battle, all their sins will be forgiven, and they'll go to Heaven[1] – because they are serving Jesus Christ. But *where will I go if I die today?* I'm scared.

"We have always gotten along with our Muslim overlords – at least in my lifetime. They haven't persecuted us. In fact, my father Isaac and my older brother Michael fought valiantly with the Muslims to protect Jerusalem. Those Muslims are now dead – slaughtered one after another by the Crusaders as they broke into the

city.

"They arrived in early June and surrounded our walls. Jerusalem is an isolated city, barely protected by its ramparts and surrounded by mountainous deserts. Once they encompassed us, we knew it was only a matter of time before they would break through. We could get no food into the city,

and they poisoned our water supplies. In mid-June, as I was helping the fighters on the wall, we could see them, see their large banners with huge crosses on them. That is their symbol. It's painted on their shields and sewn onto their tunics.

"Finally, two days ago, around midnight, just over a month after their arrival, they broke through our defenses and took the city. While some escaped, I don't think there is a single living Muslim left in Jerusalem. As soon as they stormed through the gates, the Christians began to kill everyone around them, indiscriminately – men, women, and children, Jews and Muslims alike. There was blood everywhere. Bodies are stacked one upon another wherever you look. I have never seen anything like it – so much death.The stench is unbearable. People begged and pleaded for their lives, but the Crusaders showed no mercy. The last image their victims saw was the vivid cross worn by their killers. It was as if these men were possessed.

"Our family, along with about 1,000 other Jews, has taken refuge in the Great Synagogue. Actually, the Crusaders' leader, Godfrey de Bouillon, drove us in here. This de Bouillon, it is said, is hoping to kill every Jew because he is convinced that every Jew is responsible for the death of Jesus. I don't know much about

the New Covenant, but I thought it was a book about love and forgiveness, not killing and murder. Did this Jesus go around butchering women and children as His so-called followers are doing? And what does a thirteen-year-old boy, just Bar Mitzvah'd, have to do with the death of a Jew over 1,000 years ago?

"Not that it matters what I think. Death has invaded our

city. Hope is all but gone. They are mercilessly cruel. They have already murdered thousands of Jews throughout the city in the past twenty-four hours. We are the only ones left.

"How could it be that less than a month ago, I was celebrating my Bar Mitzvah at the *HaKotel HaMa'aravi* (Western Wall) of the Temple Mount? I never dreamt that I wouldn't see my fourteenth birthday. Such a day it was, reading from the Torah and chanting the blessings. They told me I became a man that day. Little did I know how quickly that would be the truth. Instead of playing with my friends or helping my father in our shop, I was supplying arrows to fighters on the walls of Jerusalem, fighting for our lives and watching Crusader arrows fly back at us.

"We had heard the stories of what they did in Europe. At first, this was considered purely a war against the Muslims. But in Europe, greed and bloodlust perverted their cause. They reasoned, 'Why wait until we get to Muslim territory, when there are Jews, *Christ-killers*, all throughout Europe?' I overheard horrific tales coming from my parents – stories of rape and slaughter, stories of Jews being offered protection for money and then being killed by the very ones they'd paid! "Inside the synagogue, I huddle together with my

sisters, younger brothers, and my parents. My older brother is dead. We were told he was killed yesterday, shortly after the Crusaders broke through. He was sixteen. Will I be next? I'm too young to die. What have we ever done to these people?

"I will never grow up, never marry or be a parent. Today the Crusaders will kill me.

Smoke is suddenly making its presence felt. Both the smell

and sight of sinister tendrils of gray smoke are curling their way under the heavy locked doors – our situation is dire!

"Hashem!!! God!!!

"Flames snake their way in through the barred windows, preparing to devour us. It is getting hotter. The godforsaken savages are going to burn us alive. Even over the screaming inside the synagogue, I can hear the Crusaders singing hymns to this Jesus Christ. What kind of religion is this? They are burning us to death, and they sing of love? They have slaughtered nearly every human being in the city, and they rejoice at the smell of burning flesh?

"The people who are praying now increase their supplication in fervency and volume. Others collapse in shock. All are in a state of panic. Some are screaming and beating on the door. Others seek to shelter their children from the smoke as most back away from the walls, which are becoming scorching hot. The flames are now clearly visible on every side.The realization that their families and little ones really are burning to death finally becomes an inescapable reality against a backdrop of voices singing *Christ,We Adore Thee!*

"Incredibly, as the flames wrap themselves around rafters, which are beginning to collapse, and the intensifying heat causes

some, mercifully, to succumb to smoke suffocation, the sound of these murderous Crusaders singing hymns to their Jesus Christ escalates.

"Yet, they say this Jesus was a Jew.

"It's inconceivable! They are singing to a Jew while they burn us alive for being Jews!

"HaShem! Where areYou?"

I was angry! "Ariel, how could this happen? This is so different from the first story. What changed? What happened to healing the sick and raising the dead to life? Now they are putting the living to death! Clearly, Jesus is not telling them to murder in His name, for His cause! I don't understand."

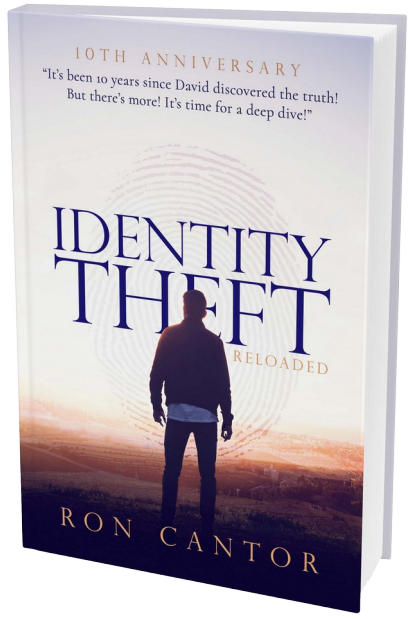
"David, it gets worse," he put a comforting hand on my shoulder. "You will have to bear with *not understanding* for a bit longer. In time, all will be explained."

Once more, the lights went out.

Notes

1. Religion hasn't changed much in the last thousand years. Al Qaeda, Hamas, and other Islamic fundamentalist groups have sweetened the pot by throwing in seventy-two virgins for suicide bombers who die in the "line of duty." Yet, they have only copied the manipulative tricks of the Roman Catholic Church. How easy

it is to motivate a poor peasant to fight for you when you promise him Heaven. We know from history that many of the Crusaders raped, pillaged, and killed without mercy. And yet, Church leaders went outside of scriptural authority, guaranteeing these men a place withYeshua.



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